

Manent York, Warwick, Exeter, and Vernon.

War. My lord of *York*, I promise you, the king
Most prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of *Somerſet*.

War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare preſume, ſweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. An if I wiſe, he did — But let it reſt;
Other affairs muſt now be managed. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Well didſt thou, *Richard*, to ſuppreſs thy voice:
For, had the paſſions of thy heart burſt out,
I fear, we ſhould have ſeen decypher'd there
More ranc'rous ſpite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd.
But howſoe'er, no ſimple man that ſees
This jarring diſcord of nobility,
This ſhould'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites;
But that he doth preſage ſome ill event.
'Tis much, when ſceptres are in children's hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind diviſion:
Then comes the ruin, there begins confuſion. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Bordeaux.

Enter Talbot, with trumpets, and drum.

Tal. GO to the gates of *Bordeaux*, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall.

[*sounds.*]

Enter